

HERS OF THE SOUTH.

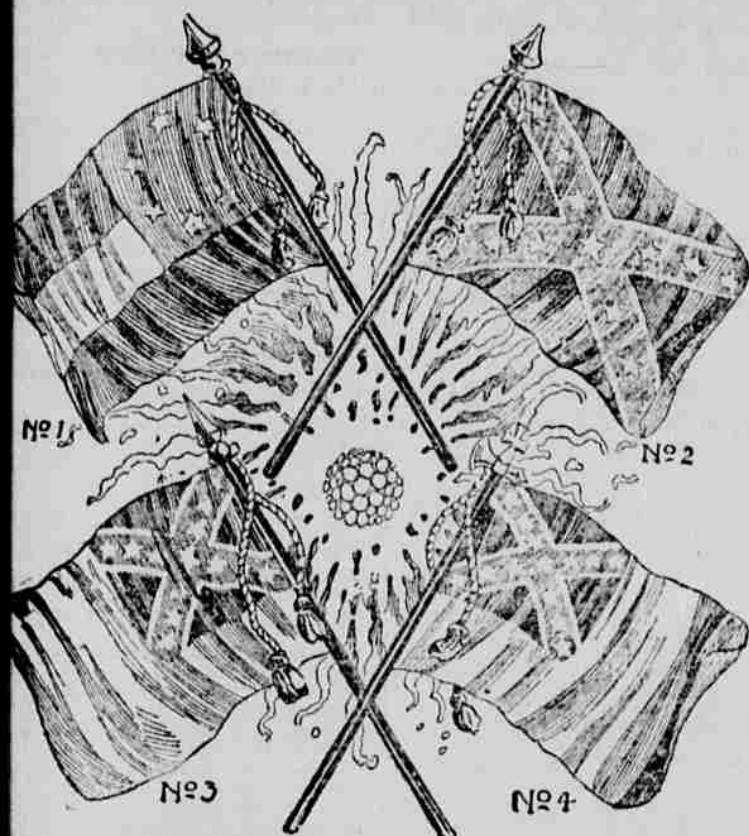
ment to Honor the Memory
of the Dead.

HERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

et Monuments Over the Prison
meteries in Which Southern
Soldiers Died—The Plans.

Philadelphia Times.

of the soldier of the Confederacy, men of the South have risen up, and formation of a society of Daughters of the Confederacy propose to provide in his age and infirmity. The of the movement since its inception has been remarkably active, and in a more than four years it has sprung into a healthy stability that is its most effective work from it. This is the result of an appeal to Lee camp, Confederate Veterans, of and, Va., to aid them in their efforts to provide a home for sick and disabled Confederate soldiers similar to the homes provided by our government for a Northern soldier. Never yet has an appeal fallen unheeded on the ear of a truly loyal Southern woman, be her North or South, for the heritage bequeathed to a Confederate soldier to his daughter is one of which they have to be proud, and is reflected alike in the Northern and Southern soldier who part in the civil war. As a member of the Philadelphia chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, expressed it in a letter president of the chapter, "I am a



THE CONQUE RED BANNERS.

al Dame and a Daughter of the Revolution, but in no ancestor do I feel a prouder than in the one who makes Daughter of the Confederacy."

deals began to come in to Lee camp, only from the soldiers, but from the and orphans of Confederate soldiers, so that the veterans asked for the and co-operation of the women of South to help them in this good work. From this beginning and incentive the Daughters of the Confederacy, first meeting for organization being in May, 1894, at the University of Virginia, by Mrs. James Lee Garfield, a constitution was adopted and the of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, department of Virginia. The of elected are the same holding office Mrs. James Mercey Garnett, president; Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, vice president; Norman Randolph, second vice president; Mrs. Thomas Lewis, third vice president. Besides the charitable object of and providing for all needy Confederate soldiers and their wives and children, they seek a historical end in collecting and preserving all papers relating to the of the war, in making every effort to perpetuate the memory of our Confederate heroes, and the cause for which they died and died in clearing to be used in our schools only such his as are just and true.

Loyal Confederate women and daughters, and any female relative of a Confederate soldier, sailor or civil officer and descendants are eligible to membership in the society, each chapter, however, of the qualifications of applicants membership. Chapters have been since the birth of the society all the United States. The amount of stable and historical work accomplished seems almost incredible.

The Philadelphia chapter, formed last year, will at the close of this year have with which it may well be encouraged. It now numbers some thirty members, representing some of the most prominent families throughout the South. In every case the women who are members have married Northern men, and hearty co-operation in all the good work is almost as interesting as that of the Daughters.

the work which now confronts the Philadelphia chapter is an appeal sent by the president of the Richmond chapter, Mrs. Norman Randolph, to mark the place in prison cemeteries throughout the North and South of Confederate soldiers who died in prison. The is undertaken at the suggestion of William H. Knauss of Columbus,

involved in the record of the Confederate flag adopted by the State. The stars and bars was the first adopted, February 19, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala., by the Confederate congress. After the battle of Manassas, however, the contention was made that the flag was too easily mistaken for the stars and stripes and the battle flag was chosen. Later, in 1863, the propriety of a national flag as well as suggested, a flag adopted which was subsequently changed by the adoption of the red bar, so that by no chance it would be mistaken for a flag of truce.

Much outside help has already been offered the society, and with a continuance it will certainly attain a great deal toward accomplishing its admirable objects.

Virginia Dare.

DAUGHTERS OF REPUBLIC

Honor the Memory of Stephen F. Austin.

To the Editor of The Post.

After a long vacation the executive committee of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas met in Houston at the residence of Mrs. J. R. Fenn and formulated plans for work for the ensuing year. Two medals will be again offered to the schools of Texas for competitive work on Texas history. The committee appointed to pass upon essays were L. T. Dashiell, Judge Z. T. Fulmore and Lester G. Bugbee. The vault at LaGrange, Texas, in which are entombed the remains of the victims of the Dawson massacre, is greatly in need of repair, and a committee was appointed to ascertain cost and amount of work to be done to restore it to good condition. An act was passed at the last session of the Texas legislature turning over one of the vacant niches in the National Capitol, to which Texas is entitled, to the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, to be filled by them with a statue in marble of a Texas statesman, Stephen F. Austin, as the "father of Texas," has been selected as the most fitting character in this respect. Committees were appointed to devise ways and means to secure necessary funds for this purpose. Much is hoped for from the

ODD NOTIONS OF BAD MEN.

Jesse James and Phil Dixon's Pronouncement of the End.

A CARTRIDGE FOR A KEPSAKE.

How Jesse James Stood Up a Sheriff. Dixon's Eager Hunt for Death After His Sister Was Killed.

New York Sun.

"I have seen some very bad men do some pretty good things," said Tom Wilkinson, the ex-sheriff of Creole, who lives here. "Moreover, most of the bad men I ever knew had a streak of the woman in them, and most of them were believers in premonitions. One hot summer afternoon in 1878 I was talking with Jeff Brunstetter over the counter of his grocery in Leavenworth, Kan. Jeff had been with Quantrell's gang of guerrillas during the war. He had held his own in a few sun plays since the war and he never took the worst of it. We were old friends and I had stopped off at Leavenworth to see him for the first time in several years. Well, I was nibbling at Jeff's barrel of dried apples when a well-set-up man with a thick black beard and a pair of very bright black eyes, and wearing a linen duster that reached almost to his heels, strode in.

"Hello, Jeff," said he, darting a swift glance at Brunstetter.

"Hello yourself," said Jeff, who was pretty quick at getting next to a situation. "Come back and sit down." Then he turned to me. "Excuse me for a while, old man, will you?" he said. "Just then I couldn't see through Brunstetter's reason for wanting to lose me, an old friend, for the first time since he came in, and I was a little sore over it. But I nodded and walked to the front of the store and stood in the doorway.

"Jeff and the stranger in the linen duster went to the rear of the store and sat down on a couple of bags of bran and seemed to be having a great eager-muttering time of it for ten minutes or so, while I waited in the doorway. I didn't very well know what to make of the game, and I watched the pair rather curiously. Finally the stranger in the linen duster got up from the bran sack and stretched himself. Then I saw him unbutton one of the buttons of his duster, reach into his belt underneath and draw out a cartridge. He handed the cartridge to Jeff, and as he did so he shot a quick look in my direction and caught me gazing at him. I afterwards found that I figured it right in concluding that the stranger was asking Jeff about me. Brunstetter shook his head depressingly and slipped the cartridge into his pocket. The two men then went through a rather long handshake and the stranger strode out, sizing me up narrowly as he passed through the door. I watched him as he disappeared down Leavenworth street, for he was an unusual looking man and had an imperious way of carrying himself.

"When I turned around Brunstetter was at my side. He had a quizzical look on his face, and seemed to be studying me a whole lot more than I cared to let him for. "What the devil's the meaning of all this funny business, anyhow?" said I. "And how long since you became a knocker, Jeff? What was your idea in shaking me for that chap?"

"Easy, easy," said Brunstetter; "if I hadn't stood for you five minutes ago, you might have been full of holes now."

"Come around to the point, quick, then," said I, for I couldn't see into the thing at all.

"Well, I don't mind telling you about it," said Jeff, becoming serious "for you used to know how to keep your head closed. This was the first time I'd seen that friend of mine for six years. I was brought up alongside of him in Missouri. I guess you've heard his name. It's Jesse James."

"Had I heard his name?" Brunstetter gave me a couple of minutes to recover.

"Yes, that was Jesse," he went on, "and it looks to me as if his name is in the break. He's got it into his mind that he is near his finish. We were pretty chummy in the old days, and he slipped into town to see me. I couldn't talk him out of his notion that the game is nearly over with him. He gave me this cartridge out of his belt as a keepsake. Jesse's the lawest man I ever knew on to get like that."

"And about those holes that might have let the sun through me?" I asked.

"Oh," said Brunstetter, "Jesse didn't like the way you sized him up, that's all. He wouldn't have punctured you without your making some kind of a fool of him. He was looking for any chance, even if he was looking for an early wind-up. He only wanted to know if you were all right, and when I told him you were, that settled it."

"This was the first and only time I ever saw Jesse James, and I've always thought it peculiar that I should have dropped off in Leavenworth to see Brunstetter on the same day that the outlaw drifted in there for the same purpose. His pronouncement as to his approaching death was verified a few months later, when the Ford boys plied him from behind in St. Joe, Mo. Why didn't I reach out for the \$3,000 dead or alive reward and go after James when I had this good chance? Well, for several reasons that levelheaded men are fond of living along for a while will appreciate, I was weary of the fact that I was wearing a badge in Leavenworth, that the presence of James in Leavenworth was a revelation to me in confidence by a friend of mine. There was a maxim in the country that I was raised in that it is worse to betray the confidence of a friend, even to avert the ends of justice, than to steal sheep, and I've never drifted from a straight line from that idea, even when wearing a sheriff's or marshal's pig-tail.

"Another extremely bad man, probably one of the worst that ever messed up the State of Colorado, who had a soft and perceptive streak in him, was Phil Dixon. Finally of Denver, Phil was a combination of cow puncher, prospector, highwayman, short-cut player and all around sport; but he was a whole lot more plain than any one of all of these things. The redletter day of his list was that on which he killed four gamblers with one gun when they, not knowing him, tried to pick on him in a saloon in Leavenworth. Up to the time he did this Phil's quality of business was in danger of becoming discredited in Colorado, but the affair at the Junta obliterated the prejudice against him, so that after that he was both approved and feared. He had played of good when he located in Denver in 1879, and when he located in Leavenworth he was made to move him into the county jail on the warrants and requisitions that were out against him until the States. He behaved pretty well until the summer of 1880. Then he got a letter containing the announcement that his young sister back East had been thrown from a buggy while driving through a cemetery and instantly killed. I was running an auctioneer business in Denver at this time, and knew Phil pretty well. He brought the letter to me. When I read it I brought the notice for me to quit, too, and walked away."

"From that time on Dixon, unlike James, began to hunt for his finish, but, no matter what the degree of recklessness he displayed, to this end, he seemed for some time unable to bring it off. He took what looked like a dead sure chance for his own wind-up on the first night of the severe riots in Denver, in the fall of 1880, soon after the publication of the famous Moyer letter. Sixteen Chinamen were slaughtered by mobs in Denver that night. Although Phil Dixon had often been heard to express his disgust for Chinamen, he not only kept out of the hunt for them on that night, but stood to lose his life in their denouement. He did this, as he afterwards told me, because he 'felt it all over' that he had played his string and he wanted to see the thing out while standing up.

Anyhow, on the first night of the riot Dixon was down town, taking in the wild actions of the Chinese hustling mobs with an apparently uninterested eye. Along about 9 o'clock he was standing in the doorway of a harness store in the next block from Tabor's Grand opera house. There was a wild hurrah down the street and a Chinaman, scared almost to death and running like a deer, looked in Phil's direction, with a couple of hundred men, most of them inflamed with rum, at his heels. While the galloping Chinaman drew close to where he was standing, Dixon called out to him:

"Come in here, you lop-eared Chink; I'll stand 'em off for you."

"But the Chinaman, mistrusting Dixon, paid no attention to him and kept right on. So Dixon grabbed him and clucked him into the door of the harness shop. He was a giant of six feet two, and the Chinaman was a lapdog in his hands.

"He had hardly cast the Chinaman within the door before the advance guard of the pursuing mob came up. Phil was taking up the whole doorway, with his leg straddled out and his feet about four feet apart, his hands behind him in a position that meant something.

"The mob, who to the winded mob that was drawn up across the street from curb to curb.

"He went in there, didn't he?" yelled some of them.

"Who, the Chink? Yes, he's inside now. What's he doing?"

"None of your damned business, Dixon; we want him; that's all," the mob shouted.

"Well," said Dixon, both of his feet coming out like flash, "I don't see any chain cables chained to any of you. Get him."

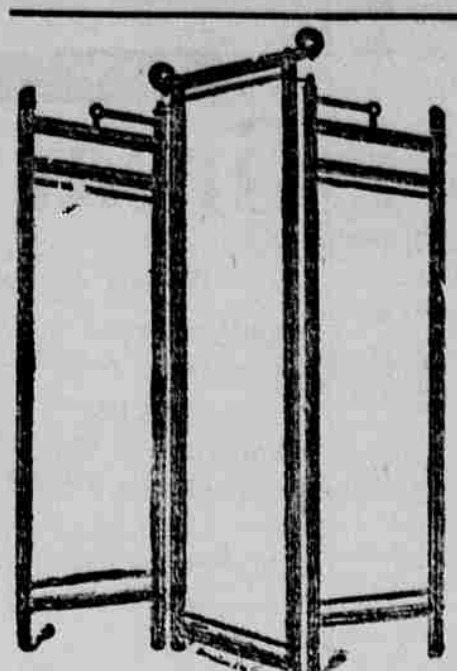
"Men that saw the performance from the windows of places across the street told me that the thing was a picture. For a solid minute Dixon stood in the doorway, with the mob's eyes turned down toward him, waiting. The mob remained absolutely silent. Then some men on the outer edge of the crowd set up a bl-y.

"There's another one!" they yelled, and the whole mob turned and broke after a Chinese who had been chased by another gang down a cross street. Dixon replaced his gun with a disgusted look when the crowd had all gone. Then he dragged the Chinese from beneath the door of the harness store, clucked him and led him to the scruff of the neck to police headquarters.

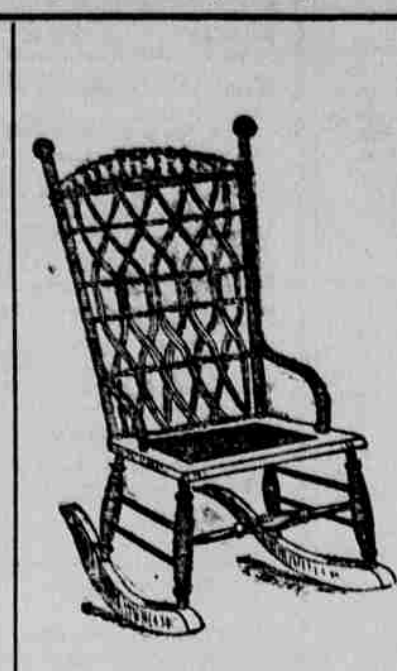
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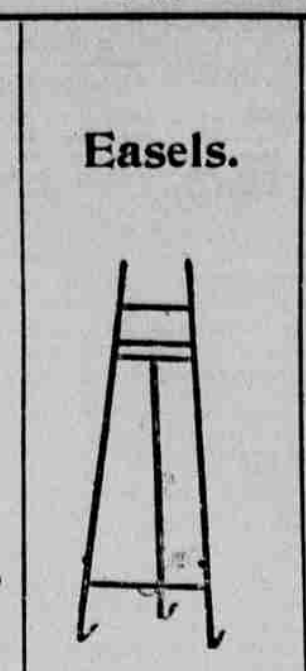
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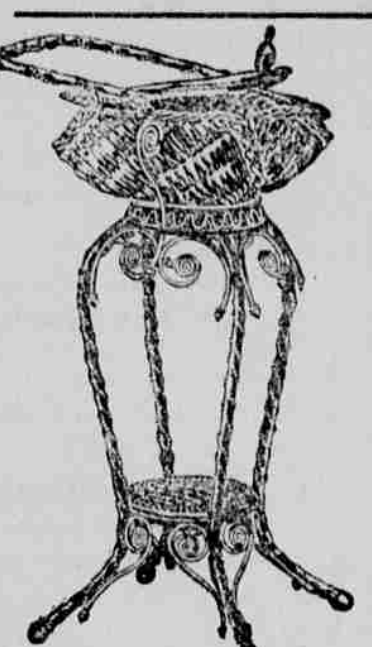
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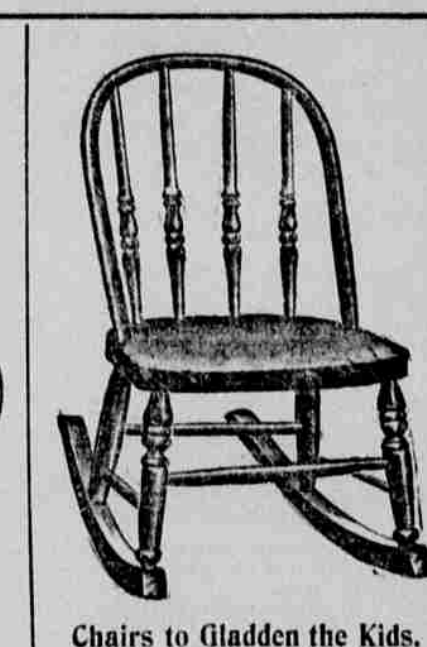
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